

J. Mitchell & Parker

1855.

Barnsley.

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LETTERS

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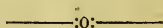
1855.

BARNSLEY:

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1855.

ADVERTISEMENT.



IN consequence of the number of applications for the Letters which appeared in the *Barnsley Times*, after all the copies of the papers were disposed of, they have been printed in this detached form.

TO THOMAS COPE, Esq., CHAIRMAN OF THE
BARNSELEY BOARD OF HEALTH.

SIR,—For some time past I have not attended the meetings of the Board of Health with pleasure. There is, or appears to be, an indisposition or unwillingness to grapple with and master great questions of grave interest in such a way as a general board might, and I think ought to do—that is to say, in its collective, and not sectional capacity. The present appointment of surveyor is a case in point. But this is not a solitary case. There are others. For instance :—

Twice during last year I tried to raise the general question of paving the footpaths with Elland Flags instead of Green-Moor. I regret to see one of nature's valuable formations superseded by a stinking compost. Coal-Tar and Co. supply a compound as difficult to put as to keep in form; and there is one fatal objection to it.—by friction it acquires a polish so bright and slippery as to prove dangerous to life and limb. My object was to have the opinion of the whole board on the subject. I engaged to produce living evidence to prove that the best flagstone delf of Elland would outlast five generations of Green-Moor.

Your town mason (James Walker) assures me that 45 years ago he laid an Elland flag causeway in a public thoroughfare, which at this moment is in a better state or condition than others of Green-Moor that have only been in use 8 or 9 years, and are now in the last stage of consumption. But how was this question met by the board? "Oh," says the public orator, the great exponent of your proceedings, "that is a proper subject for the Streets and Markets' Committee," and so the matter was shelved. Now, ought not the whole board to have taken this question first into its own hands? Ought not the principle of paving footpaths to be first affirmed by the 'collective wisdom,' and afterwards, by a division of labour, left to the Streets and Markets' Committee to be worked out?

I object to the practice of shirking material questions in this way. No court, invested with high powers for public objects, has a constitutional right to defeat the purport of its creation. The suspension of power may become as criminal as its excessive action. Committees, as auxiliary powers, are well enough in their place; but it is monstrous for a committee to be everywhere, and a board of health nowhere. It is downright suicide. Now it is not the want of business talent at your board, of which I complain, but its awful state of quiescence.

Metaphysically, it may be said, that the acts of a committee are the acts of the body from which it derives its power; this is true in a higher degree corporately when the report of such committee is brought up and received. This was the doctrine held out at your last meeting—"We must support our committees." So be it. Hence it became little short of high treason in me to raise a point, which had the *appearance* only of bringing in question the impartial judgment and immaculate purity of the three luminaries, who presided over the fate of the forty candidates for the surveyorship. On the contrary, I did all honour to these gentlemen. My crime, therefore, could only be technical or constructive. It was the delegation of power on a high and momentous appointment that I held in dispute, and no more. This I ventured to denounce as bad *ab initio*, and I got pretty well blackballed for my pains. Now, although alone, and opposed and slandered, I discharged, what I conscientiously held to be my duty, fearlessly—and I will do the same again if occasion require it.

Now, sir, as commander of the forces, I congratulate you on the fact, that this foul-mouthed abuse was discharged from one of the Triumvirs only. I don't believe the others capable of it. And the ambition of this man is boundless. Possessing certain mental facilities, he can "wheel about, and turn about, and jump Jim Crow" with any man living. As a blower of soap-bubbles, he is without a rival. But every thing by turns, he is nothing long. Vindictive, spiteful, devoid of noble and generous bearing, he is free from all moral dignity of character. If he has a heart in his little body, it is so hollow and contracted, that, were it enclosed with in the shell of a pepper-corn, it would rattle.

Your board is styled a Board of Health. It is a sad misnomer. Does not its brief history show that its proceedings have won for it the unenviable title of a board of strife, confusion, and ruin? But the spirit of litigation is most feelingly on the decline. And as you are moderator of the assembly, it gives me sincere pleasure to record it as your settled judgment—kindly given to me last evening—that the temper or conduct of your meetings has decidedly improved. Now from your authority there is no appeal.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JOHN TWIBELL.

Nov. 1st, 1855.

TO THOMAS COPE, Esq., CHAIRMAN OF THE
BARNSELEY BOARD OF HEALTH.

My Dear Sir,—The very curious letter recently addressed to you by Mr. Twibell commences with this statement,—“For some time past I have not attended the meetings of the Board of Health with pleasure.” It might be inferred from this, that Mr. Twibell had been regular in his attendance at the board, and that in the discharge of a high public duty he had been compelled to witness much that had troubled his mind; now what are the facts?—At a meeting of the board held on the 31st of July, Mr. Twibell was graciously pleased to look in for a short time; his next appearance was on the 23rd of October; so that for a period of nearly three months Mr. Twibell never came near the board at all, or attended any of its committees, and was within six days of being disqualified by non-attendance, now how could this ingenious gentleman be pained by an attendance which he never gave? It will be a relief to his mind to know that this at all events is a question to be settled by the metaphysicians. This singular prelude is in perfect harmony with all that follows. Whenever Mr. Twibell becomes intelligible—which is but seldom—he contrives to convey a misrepresentation: take the passage relating to “nature’s valuable formations,” as he learnedly describes delf. The board was never called upon to decide on the comparative merits of Green-Moor and Elland

flags; the question raised, was, whether the foot-path leading from Mr. Moor's shop to the Railway Station was to be laid with flags, or made of ashphalte?—it was decided in favour of the latter—because it was cheaper—and also on the ground of justice and propriety. It was urged with some force, that while hundreds of persons—principally women—had daily to traverse Peel-street, which runs through the centre of the town, and slide *as they best could* over that “stinking compost, Coal Tar & Co.,” the board would be on the shady side of justice if it carried its flagging operations outside the town, merely to suit Mr. Twibell's special convenience; all that was said on that occasion respecting the different kinds of flags, was in a fancy dissertation of Mr. Twibell's, who exercised his “mental facilities,” in urging the superior claims of his favourite foot-path, on the ground that it was on the “high road to Mapplewell;” nothing but the obtuseness of the board could have prevented this cogent argument effecting the “general issue.”

I now come to the appointment of surveyor. On the 28th of August last, the resignation of the late surveyor was sent in, when it was ordered that a notice be issued soliciting applications for the vacant situation; at the next meeting of the board the applications were laid on the table, they amounted to forty, thirty-six of which were supported by copious testimonials; it was then ordered that the Streets' and Markets' Committee should examine the testimonials, and present to the board at its next meeting the names of six of the candidates who appeared to have the strongest claims for further consideration. The committee met, went carefully through the various letters and documents, and when the board met on the 23rd of Oct. presented a report containing the names of twelve gentlemen considered the most eligible for the appointment. I may here remind you that up to this point the proceedings of the committee had no force or validity whatever, the “Triumvirs” had merely waded through an immense mass of papers and reported the result of their investigations—in other words, they had given an opinion which the board was free to act upon, or reject it at its discretion; Mr. Twibell, who after an absence of nearly three months, being present on this occasion, might have moved the rejection of the report, and he would have been per-

fectly in order, but he did nothing of the kind; the report was unanimously adopted, and for this proceeding he is as much responsible as any other member of the board. He talks about "no court having a right to defeat the purport of its creation"—suspension of powers"—"awful quiescence"—"downright suicide"—and more to the same purpose; all I have to say is, that if an idea adverse to the board can be extracted from this mass of incoherent verbiage, this curious jingle of uncertain sounds, it applies as much to Mr. Twibell as to any other person. What a blessed state of oblivious self-complacency this gentleman must live in. So far as the board is concerned, I am prepared to prove that every step was taken with a due regard to precedent, and was according to law and usage. If the facts as I have stated them be disputed, I appeal to our records for their confirmation—evidence which I think will be considered as conclusive as the misty rigmarole and loose assertions of Mr. Twibell.

I shall now describe the second act of this drama, the ordinary business of the day having occupied considerable time, and the board being desirous of proceeding in so important a matter as the appointment of surveyor, with due deliberation, decided upon holding an adjourned meeting for that special object. The board met, and was no sooner formed than Mr. Twibell rose, and protested against all that had been done; he insisted, in several speeches, on the board retracing its steps and commencing, *de novo*, with the examination of the testimonials of all the forty candidates. It was offered to him to place any name or number of names on the selected list that he might propose; he replied to this courteous offer by repeating his speeches; and I appeal to any one who has heard Mr. Twibell's speeches to confirm me in the opinion that they require the patience and coolness of an ancient lexicographer to endure. He then made a motion to give effect to his views, but it was not seconded, and he went over his speeches again. After he had wasted a full hour, the board, by a great effort, contrived to make a beginning, but things went on very slowly until Mr. Twibell was called out on some business of his own; he was absent as near as I can remember about half-an-hour, and if he had remained but a very short time longer, the business would have been com-

pleted; but he returned just in the nick of time, when he insisted on everything being gone over that had been done in his absence, this being objected to, he set to work again, and repeated all his speeches; this occupied another hour. Seeing no prospect of any termination to this intolerable nuisance, I made the charge which I now reiterate, and I again say it was an exhibition of vanity and arrogance, disgraceful to himself and insulting to every member of the board, the humblest of whom may consider himself on a level with Mr. Twibell, without being much elevated by the reflection. I have to inform this gentleman, on behalf of myself and others, that we shall not submit to this dictation, if we are to have a master, he must be a man that we can look at without laughing, and we shall certainly expect him to be able to make himself understood. Did any dictator, from Julius Cæsar down to John Twibell, ever before write in the style of the passage which I shall now quote, and which, I strongly suspect, has been taken from the Book of Mormon: "Metaphysically, it may be said, that the acts of a committee are the acts of the body from which it derives its power; this is true in a higher degree corporately when the report of such committee is brought up and received." Now, will anybody be kind enough to inform me what metaphysics have to do with the powers of a committee. I should have thought that it was a matter of law, and that any doubt might have been settled by referring to the act of parliament. The passage I have quoted is a fair sample of the rest. No man in a healthy state of mind could have written such a letter. Even the "peppercorn" is wanting, and a "soap bubble," with its changing tints and graceful form, would be a relief to the mind, as it strives in vain to discover a ray of light through the haze which envelopes this unintelligible gibberish. I have a few words to say on another passage which shows the native vulgarity of Mr. Twibell's mind more than anything contained in his letter, and that is saying very much. I give the passage entire—"Your board is styled a Board of Health. It is a sad misnomer. Does not its brief history show that its proceedings have won for it the unenviable title of a board of strife, confusion, and ruin?" I shall not stop to inquire into the truth or falsehood of this description, it is not worth while; but I wish you to

observe that this is the way he characterises the board of which he is a member, in a communication addressed to its Chairman, and we can now understand what Mr. Twibell's ideas of courtesy, taste, and "noble bearing" are. I congratulate you, Sir, on the fact that the wretched production on which I have been commenting, and which I now dismiss from my mind with the contempt it merits, contains the first public insult you have received since your appointment to the office you so worthily fill, and I hope, for the credit of the town, it will be the last.

I remain, my dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
EDWARD PARKER.

November 7th, 1855.

TO THOMAS COPE, Esq., CHAIRMAN OF THE
BARNESLEY BOARD OF HEALTH.

*"A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass,
and a rod for the fool's back."*—SOLOMON.

Sir,—I hope you do not regard me as wanting in courtesy when I do not address you in the more familiar or intimate style of *My dear Sir*. My business with you now is public and official, not private. Although long and intimately acquainted with you, I don't like to make your friendship too cheap. Besides, I have no object to gain by such outward flourishes of gracious intercourse. Mr. Parker, however, as a man of clap-trap and straw, knows well when to act the part of a *sycophant*; hence he opens his muddle-headed epistle to you of the 7th inst. with "*My dear Sir*." He has gulled so many people in his day, that he thinks he can gull a few more by addressing you in a style of *familiarity* which is meant to be taken for *equality*. But the man is too well known. It won't take.

Now, who is this Mr. Edward Parker? In my first letter I did not describe him so much by positives as by negatives. I said he was devoid of noble and generous bearing—free from all moral dignity of character; and, in a playful conjecture, respecting his little heart, I did

not risk a single opinion on its *colour*. And why? because the physiological fact of its existence has not been demonstrated.

Now, by enlarging this field of enquiry, I shall not insult the public nor degrade myself by an invasion of the sanctities of domestic or private life, for I have nothing to do with private character. But, on the contrary, public character is public property. The first time I saw this man was in a Methodist pulpit. Being an almost absolute stranger, I am told, he was permitted to officiate on his own showing that he was an accredited Wesleyan local preacher. I believe he came to settle here from the Darlington district. But the rules of Methodism, which are the rules of prudence and common sense, require a member, removing from one district to another, to produce a certificate of his *status* and character. The superintendent for the time being put the question accordingly, and was refused. He either would not or could not produce such certificate (I leave him the choice of the alternative), and the result was he kicked and left the body, throwing off his profession and principles with the same unconcern he would throw off his slippers. Since then he has passed through all the moods and tenses of a reckless career. Twice, to my knowledge, has he compounded with his creditors; in the second instance I was one of the victims, taking 10s. in the pound for my debt, with a fair prospect that the alternative would be *nothing*. Now, when this man shall have paid me the other 10s. with interest he may stick up his impudent face and say he is my equal. For this man to talk about being on a *level* with any person who has paid his way with 20s. in the pound, is monstrous. The level of this sinner is the hedge-bottom, clothed in sackcloth and ashes. How long is he to be tolerated, swelling himself out at other people's expense, taking up a fictitious station among Merchants and Gentlemen in the administration of the public affairs of the town of Barnsley? Is a man a fit person to conduct the affairs of others, who never could manage his own? If Edward Parker's *reputed* doings in connexion with Thomas Winsmore Wilson's bankruptcy, and the questionable services which he rendered to the Yorkshire District Bank, be matters of credibility, they brand his character with immortal infamy. As a public character,

he is a public nuisance. When a *Jackdaw* Parliament is summoned he shall have my vote, but not till then.

This Mr. Edward Parker affects not to understand my language without an ancient lexicographer at his elbow. When the Fox could not reach the grapes, he said they were *sour*. Now as there are several things in this letter that will interest him when he *can* understand them, I, having compassion on his ignorance and stupidity, strongly recommend him to borrow Johnny Robinson's Dictionary. I can assure him it is very popular in Dodworth. But as Mr. Parker can "wheel about and turn about," he does sometimes turn critic on his own account. Take the following example:—"Mr. Twibell commences with this statement—'For some time past I have not attended the meetings of the Board of Health with pleasure.' It might be inferred from this that Mr. Twibell had been regular in his attendance at the board." No such thing,—my sentence will sustain no such inference. Just leave out the clause at the end "with pleasure," which in no degree affects the sense—being only used *adjectively*—and the sentence will read thus: "For some time past I have not attended the meetings of the Board of Health." Well, what time? The record answers from the 31st of July to the 23rd of October. The sentence with the ellipsis filled up will then read—"For some time past, namely, from the 31st of July to the 23rd of October, I have *not attended* the meetings of the Board of Health with pleasure," No, the pleasure is in the *non-attendance*, or absence; and the notion of *presence* is therefore inadmissible and impossible. So this superlative coxcomb's criticism vanishes in a "soap-bubble." The same may be said of his speeches—clipped from other men's brains—the impression never survives the utterance.

The dismal trash which follows is characteristic. The fact that Elland flags will outlast *five generations* of Green-Moor is not disputed, and the substitution of Coal-Tar and Co. for either is very questionable economy. The lumberly and inextricable balderdash beginning with "The board was never called upon to decide," and ending with "the general issue," would puzzle a Dutchman. The confusion of ideas in this "dish of trash," in which we find "Mr. Moor's shop and Railway-station, asphalte and coal-tar, women and Peel-street, flagging operations outside

the town, and shady side of justice, favourite footpath, general issue and Mapplewell," baffles all description. Who introduced "flagging operations outside the town?" Not I. What I did say was in these exact words—"The road from the King's Head to the station was one of our great thoroughfares, the approaching junction of the Manchester line with the present station would give it an increased importance, and as one of the main arteries to the centre of the town, through which was constantly flowing the inhabitants of Burton, Carlton, Roystone, Mapplewell, Staincross, Woolley, and Notton, it had a first-rate claim to be paved with Elland flags, instead of Coal-Tar and Co." The multiplication table was then set to work on the factory people; and, of course, Peel-street rose in the ascendant. The matter was then referred to the Streets and Markets' Committee. Now, why this great performer should clear the stage by placing behind the scene all but Mapplewell, I cannot imagine? unless it be that Mapplewell is the most likely place to look for nails to gibbet him. But words will do. I re-assert, that on another occasion, irrespective of any locality, I warned the board in the Court-House, of the ruinous policy in using the Green-Moor flags for all our footpaths, not covered with Coal-Tar, instead of Elland, which were so much superior. And I well remember Mr. Pitt saying—that it was a very important question, and one which the board ought to take up. But out came a certain watch with "We have already spent three precious hours here," and off went the board to dinner.

As I am put on my defence, permit me in the next place to draw your attention to a piece of impudent forgery, which may be taken as a *rule*, by which to measure the truth or falsehood of Mr. Parker's sayings and writings. You will remember, I am sure, making some remarks at the close of the meeting on late attendance, saying that you were in the Court-House at 10 o'clock yourself; but from want of members the business of the day could not commence before half-past 10 o'clock. It was a little more than 10 minutes past 10 when I arrived, and I made a particular note of the time when the business closed, which was five minutes before one o'clock; so that the business of the day was comprised within the space of two hours and twenty-five minutes. But out of this Mr. Parker can make a great deal more, no less than

four hours and a half. Hear him:—"After he (Mr. Twibell) had wasted a *full hour*, the board, by a great effort, contrived to make a beginning, but things went on *very slowly* until he was called out on some business of his own; he was absent as near as I can remember about half-an-hour, and if he had remained but a very short time longer, the business would have been completed; but he returned just in the nick of time, when he insisted on *everything* being gone over again that had been done in his absence, this being objected to, he set to work and again repeated all his speeches, this occupied *another hour*." Well, now, what are the real facts? Did you not inform me after my half-hour's absence, that you had got through all the 12 names whose claims we had met to examine, remarking at the time, that there were only two or three to go through when I was called out? Now, if the testimonials of three names take up half-an-hour, will not, *pro rata*, 12 require two hours? Therefore, if we take two hours for the board, and two hours for my special use—and in addition I must claim the benefit of the half-hour's absence—we have then four hours and a half accounted for, which will carry us from half past ten to three o'clock, p.m.!!!—whereas the business was finished five minutes before one. But this is not all, for there are two other falsehoods crammed into the lot; one is insinuated, and the other expressed. "Things went on very slowly until Mr. Twibell was called out." Now I deny having occasioned any unnecessary interruption in the reading of the nine testimonials. The next falsehood is—that on my return "I insisted on every thing being gone over that had been done in my absence." This also I totally and absolutely deny. I did not ask for the reproduction of a single testimonial of the twelve which had been disposed of. And why should I, when nine of them had been examined in my presence? All that I did on my return was, to request the favour that a few at least of the 28 names shelved by the committee should be tested by their testimonials before the whole board. I was desired to select as few as possible, and after picking out 3 or 4 at random, I ended with one numbered 38. What a bolus of infernal falsehoods have we here presented, out of compliment to your understanding, as chairman. In the warmth of debate a man may be excused for stretching a point unguardedly; but

he who sits down deliberately to write out that which he knows to be totally devoid of truth, is a scoundrel.

This mountebank—this pasteboard fiddler—this general undertaker—takes me to task for presuming to dictate to the Board of Health, a thing so contrary to my disposition and habit; for I have but little time and less inclination for public business. And I believe this to be generally admitted. He sneers at that which he cannot understand—cavils with the philosophy and structure of my periods, and elevating himself with an air of self-importance to the critic's chair, pronounces judgment accordingly. But if my poor compositions are to be put into the crucible—if they are to be subjected to an *experimentum crucis*, it shall be some competent authority, and not left to a man who cannot write three consecutive sentences grammatically except by accident. Whether as a speaker, a writer, or a man, I hope never to be mistaken for Edward Parker. To be so mistaken would be one of the greatest of possible calamities that could befall any mortal.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Nov. 15th, 1855.

JOHN TWIBELL.

MR. PARKER'S LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "BARNSELY TIMES."

Sir,—The Chairman of the Board of Health will appreciate my motives in ceasing to connect his name with a correspondence which has been forced upon me, and which has, I have no doubt, been the cause of pain to himself, I therefore address myself to you as the accredited organ of the town.

The chief object I had in view in the letter I addressed to Mr. Cope was to vindicate the character of the Board of Health, which Mr. Twibell had wantonly traduced, and to justify its proceedings, which he had grossly misrepresented; in discharging this duty I confined myself strictly to his published letter, and to his public conduct, of which it professed to be a vindication; there were many allusions to myself, which I might have resented; they were, no doubt, meant to be very

cutting; as they were merely foolish, I passed them by without notice. But it now appears, with sufficient distinctness, that Mr. Twibell never meant to attack the Board of Health. In his first letter he appears to have had two objects in view—to malign me, and, at the same time, to astonish the world by an exhibition of his incomprehensible dialectics. In his last letter he drops the mask altogether, the board escapes without censure, while I am favoured with a mortal column of the coarsest abuse. I may here state a fact which I think will shew the spirit by which this gentleman is governed, and will also furnish an answer to a considerable part of his letter. In April last I was a second time elected a member of the Board of Health, among the votes which I then received were those of Messrs. Day and Twibell, and Mr. John Twibell. Now, I am not aware that any material change has taken place in my condition during the last six months, and I hope that I am as fit for the society of the “*Merchants and Gentlemen* who administer the affairs of the town” now as I was then. What then has so suddenly turned Mr. John Twibell’s honey into gall? the question is easily answered. I have had the misfortune to come “between the wind and his nobility,” by objecting to his insolent dictation, and I have no doubt that in the opinion of this vain man it was the greatest crime I could have committed, and cancelled every claim to respect. Princes, ministers of state, clergymen, and colliers may be abused with impunity; but not a word must be said in opposition to Mr. Twibell.

It will be easily understood that, on reading Mr. Twibell’s letter, I had considerable difficulty in deciding how to act, and perhaps I should have been silent under this infliction had not I known the man; his egotism would have suggested,—that I was either unable or afraid to reply, and this would have emboldened him to outrage the feelings of others; I am, therefore, compelled to take up the weapon which he has twice selected. I hope the public will bear in mind the provocation I have received. His wounded vanity demanded immediate revenge, and remember that to gratify it he has violated the common charities of life, and ruthlessly trampled on the feelings of every person

connected with me. Why should I be called upon to respect his own?

I have now to encumber your space with a quotation, and a curious one it is:—"Now, by enlarging this field of enquiry, I shall not insult the public nor degrade myself by an invasion of the sanctities of domestic or private life, for I have nothing to do with private character." It is sad to think that a man who rides in a carriage and is drawn to the chapel by two large-sized horses should be guilty of hypocrisy. But what constitutes the staple of his letter, if it is not an attack on private character? Both malignity and cunning are hidden in the elegant extract I have quoted. He says that he will not invade "the sanctities of domestic and private life," does he mean to insinuate that he has something to reveal which he has withheld from considerations of propriety? His object is plain enough, knowing how vulnerable he was, and having an idea that I might reply to his letter in a manner justified by the provocation, he wishes to make conditions beforehand. If I do strike with his own weapons I must confine myself to the question, did Mr. Twibell pay 20s. in the pound? I object to this limitation, to use his own words "I shall enlarge the field of enquiry." He says that the first time he saw me was in a methodist pulpit, why does he not carry his recollection a little further back, when he attended the chapel for a different purpose, and was far otherwise employed? To hide unholy passions under the cloak of devotion is very naughty, and to convert a Methodist chapel into a Temple of Venus is a novel idea, but not in harmony with the customs of the country. He says I am a sinner, which I am sadly afraid is true, but who was the sinner then?

Mr. Twibell says "that to his knowledge I have twice compounded with my creditors." This gentleman's knowledge is a slender guarantee for the correctness of anything, and the truth might have been spoken in this instance because the truth is bad enough: I plead guilty to having compounded with my creditors, but perhaps it may arrest the judgment of the censorious, and mitigate the severity of my condemnation, when I inform them, that the only creditors I have in Barnsley are the

Bank and Messrs. Inns and Co.; every other person in the town I have paid in full, a large number I paid since my composition; to the truth of this Mr. Twibell's solicitor can speak, because I have paid him, and he knows that I have paid others. I have this week paid Mr. Twibell's account, with interest; and that there may be no misapprehension on the subject, I give the original debt, which was £15 16s. 10d. so that I then deprived him of his resources to the amount of £7 18s. 5d., with interest thereon. Now, if any man thinks that because I make this statement I am insensible to my position, he does me a cruel injustice. I give these details with emotions which I hope—vain and vindictive as he is—neither Mr. Twibell or his children may ever be made to feel; but, as he has proclaimed to the world what I have done, I will state a few things that I have not done. I never gave three hundred pounds for a carriage, and at the same time refused assistance to my own brother, which would have saved him from losing the farm and homestead that had sheltered my childhood, and which had been the home of my parents from the cradle to the grave. These are none of *my* doings, they spring from the ingrained vices of a heart yielded up to callous pride and all-absorbing selfishness. No man can justly accuse me of hardness of heart, or of insensibility to the sufferings of others, or say that I ever ignored the sacred claims of consanguinity. This thought places me on an elevation from which I can now look down on Mr. Twibell with loathing and contempt.

I have to apologise to the friends of the late Mr. Wilson for the quotation I am about to make, in which the name of that gentleman is most offensively introduced, but I have no alternative; "If Edward Parker's *reputed* doings in connexion with Thomas Winsmore Wilson's bankruptcy, and the questionable services which he rendered to the Yorkshire District Bank, be matters of credibility, they brand his character with immortal infamy."—All that I did in connexion with the matter referred to, I can justify to the satisfaction of any impartial man. Now there are matters of a very doubtful character in which Mr. Twibell played a conspicuous part, which he will find it rather more difficult to vindicate. "If" is a convenient little word, and I will try if it will fit the passage

with a slight variation of the reading,—“ If John Twibell's reputed doings in connexion with a certain promissory note, and the questionable services he rendered to Frank Burton, which were investigated before Baron Gurney, in a trial which took place at York during the spring assizes of 1833, be matters of credibility, they brand his name with immortal infamy.” I would like to ask John Twibell if it be true that Baron Gurney said of some of the witnesses who figured on that memorable occasion, that, “ the right men were not in the right place,” and that they ought to be transferred to the dock ? If he said so it was very alarming ! By the bye, I think if I could have got promissory notes given without consideration, with the additional privilege of using them thirteen months after they were due, I might have paid 20s. in the pound ; but I have always had a salutary dread of the government barber, and a decided objection to the uniform usually presented after he has finished his first operation. What a narrow escape Mr. Twibell must have had.

Having got through, what theatrical people would call, the “ heavy business,” I will rest a little ; and, by way of relief, cull a few of the flowers spread over Mr. Twibell's letter :—First comes that fanciful performance in philology, where he attempts to explain away his own words. Having paid some attention to this passage, I think that if in addition to Johnny Robinson's Dictionary we had Johnny Twibell's Grammar, we should be able to get up a new language that would beat the Welsh, which some irreverent Frenchman once said was only fit to be spoken to dogs. He charges me with having “ clipt” my speeches from other men's brains. I wonder if anybody ever clipped a speech from his : it would be rather a delicate operation—something like splitting a hair. I think that the man who has the clipping to do, will not consider his brains so available as his pantaloons.

I next notice Mr. Twibell's *taste*, which is seen to admiration at a glance. Think of any man writing a letter like his last, and addressing it to one of his friends, telling him at the same time that he won't make his friendship too cheap ; that is to say, the less he has of it the better. This is a gem of the first water. A

word or two on his *wit*. I pass over that singular passage which is meant to be wit, about the colour of hearts and physiology ; it is a little beyond my comprehension, but I beg to call attention to “ Mapplewell and the nails,” and especially to the “ gibbet,” and that brilliant constellation of which “ pasteboard fiddler” (whatever that may be) is the centre.

Mr. Twibell is so constantly parading his “ noble and generous bearing, and moral dignity of character,” that one might suppose he had laid a pinch of salt on the tails of those cardinal accomplishments, and had them safe under his waistcoat ; but what a queer vocabulary Mr. Twibell makes them use, and what epithets they employ. Is he sure they are not counterfeit, I believe they are false and spurious, like everything about him ; mere Brummagem, to be talked of to others but never to be used. Putting his last letter aside, and judging from his conduct generally, one may form some notion of what his conceptions of those distinguishing qualities are. Take his controversy with the colliers as an instance. There are gentlemen in Mr. Twibell’s trade who would avoid if they could a public altercation with their servants, and who would think a victory dearly purchased at the expense of those kindly feelings which must inevitably be sacrificed in such a contest. But Mr. Twibell is never so well pleased as when swelling himself out to his largest dimensions, he descends into the arena to show his gladiatorial skill in a conflict with his men ; this is *his* idea of moral dignity, and he has just given the town an exhibition of it, to the infinite disgust of every right thinking man. The colliers’ manage to state their case reasonably and sensibly ; while Mr. Twibell, I suppose, to show his condescension, and by way of adapting himself to the comprehension of ignorant minds, contrives to write like a sweep, and a very rude one ; and shows himself a perfect master in the use of coarse invective, opprobrious epithets and vulgar slang ; an imaginary triumph, obtained by such weapons, gives him the highest gratification his silly soul is capable of receiving. If ever this man should be stript of the glittering gewgaws by which he is surrounded and left alone and unsupported by anything but his merits he will appear mean and contemptible beside many a col-

lier that I happen to know ; indeed, under such circumstances he would lay claim to nothing. He has no idea of what he calls moral dignity unless it ride in a coach and be set-off with liveries. This is not the man by whom I am to be extinguished or banished from all decent society. What is he but an ignorant, conceited, selfish creature in a position obtained without merit, and occupied without dignity ?—a fantastic fop, whose person is a fitting emblem of his mind ; seizing on the trappings of superior station, with the avidity of a child, he wears them with the ostentation of a weak-minded woman. I will give him his portrait in his own style, and recommend him to have it posted up in his carriage. “Metaphysically, it may be said that nature in the abstract intended Mr. Twibell to be a lady’s maid ; but, in the concrete, he is found to be something between a gentleman’s servant and a tipstaff ; as a logical consequence, he has the vanity of a tire-woman, the manners of a footman, and the ‘noble bearing’ of a sheriff’s officer.”

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD PARKER.

November 22nd, 1855.

